

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

"SOMEWHERE in New Jersey," during the last week in May, Raymond Hitchcock and E. Ray Goetz will produce a musical play entitled "Hitchy Koo," which will go into the Cohan & Harris Theatre early in June for a summer run. The book and lyrics are by Harry Grattan, Glen MacDonough and E. Ray Goetz and the music is by Mr. Goetz. Julian Mitchell is staging the piece. Mr. Hitchcock will have a prominent part in the play and other roles will be assigned to Grace La Rue, William Rock, Frances White, Leon Errol, Helen Bond, Gypsy O'Brien, Eleanor H. Clair, Florence Crippa, George Moore and Ray Hoyer. There will also be a large chorus of beauties and everything.

SAID HARRY TO GENE!

When Eugene Walter was ready to stage "The Knife," the story goes, he engaged Harry Masteray to direct the work of producing it. Several times Mr. Walter dropped in to see how things were going and made numerous suggestions which bothered Mr. Masteray considerably. One night, after a rehearsal, he called the author up on the telephone.

"Say, Gene," he said, "how would you like to stay away from the rehearsals for two weeks?"

"All right, I guess," replied the playwright, "but how would you like to stay away altogether?"

"Fine!" said Mr. Masteray.

Another man, William O'Neil, finished the work.

ANOTHER COHAN FLAG SONG.

In response to numerous requests George M. Cohan has written a patriotic song and Nora Bayes is scheduled to sing it for the first time at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre today. Mr. Cohan hasn't written a ditty of this sort since "It's a Grand Old Flag," which he put in George Washington, Jr., nine years ago. He will wait till he hears it before he names it.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

The train butcher offers his wares in the train. Oh, every ten minutes he sings his refrain. It's "Cholera, peanuts, cigars, magazines!" He numbles his words but you get what he means. I cannot recall ever seeing him sell a single blamed thing, yet he keeps on his yell. A very persistent young fellow is he, a sort of an object of pity to me. Who buys from the butcher, friend reader—do you? Or do you ignore him as many folks do? I wonder sometimes how he earns enough dough to keep Mister Wolf from the home bungalow. The boy has me guessing. I freely admit. To-day something happened; I'll tell you of it. A man touched a butcher for five and I swear he took out a roll that would choke a black bear.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

It was a brakeman on the New Haven. Sticking his head in the door he yelled: "Greenish—Green—wich!" Jeff Nutt, the noted comedian, was on the train.

"Say," came from Jeff, "what makes you pronounce this town's name two ways?"

"Well, some like it one way and some the other," returned the brakeman. "We strive to please."

COMMENT IS UNNECESSARY.

Gladys Leslie, Thannhouse star, was talking about scenario writers recently.

"All they do around here," she said, "is sit and read The Evening World until quitting time."

GILL'S DISCOVERY.

Tom Gill, the fat pool player at the Friars' Club, was writing a note to a friend about Joffre yesterday when he discovered something. Here's what he found:

JOFFRE FRENCH

Mr. Gill intends to take it to the seventh son of a seventh son and ask its significance.

GOSSIP.

Mabelle Estelle will be seen next season in a new play by E. E. Rose entitled "Turn Back the Hours." The summer revue at the Cohan and Grove will be called "A Day at Palm Beach."

Helen Barnes has decided to desert the drama for a role in the new "Ziegfeld Follies."

Raymond Hitchcock will be master of ceremonies at the Marine Corps benefit at the Hippodrome, May 16.

"Love and Learn," the next Smith-Golden production, is a comedy by Salisbury Field.

Contributions in excess of \$14,000 were gathered for the American Field Ambulance service at the benefit performance of "Lilac Time" Thursday night.

Dr. Wolf Hopper of "The Passing Show of 1917" will tell the Twilight Club to-morrow night how it feels to bust into the film business and bust out again.

Broncho Billy Anderson, part owner

Good Stories

PARTICEPS CRIMINIS.

INTO a Chicago police court a man was haled charged with the theft of an umbrella.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked the magistrate. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Well," said the accused, "I guess I am one of the guilty parties, Your Honor. The umbrella had the name of M. Barker on the handle. W. T. Horan stamped on the inside of the cover, and I stole it from this man here, whose name is Higgins."—Case and Comment.

FROM OUT THE SKIES.

JOE FLAHERTY, the railroast prisoner who ever fell into the hands of the local authorities, was arrested by Policeman Tom Edmunds, this morning on the force, after Flaaherty is alleged to have accosted a number of women with whom he came in contact while pursuing an

"S'MATTER, POP?"

Some Beginners Don't Seem to Require 'Em at That!

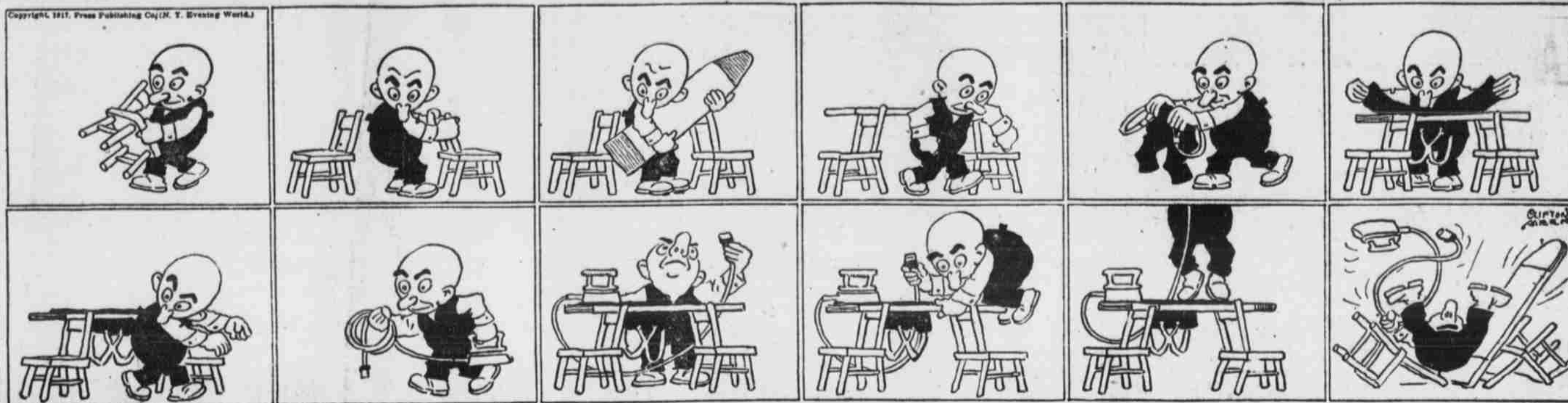
By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

He Fell Down on the Job. It Was a Sad-Iron Story!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

A Strong Counter-Offensive Turned Impending Defeat Into a Sweeping Victory!

By Bud Counihan



THERE'S ALWAYS THE AWAKENING!

By Vic



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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THE Hon. Ike Doolittle of Bingo, uncle of the famous poetess, Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, visited Delhi recently to spend a couple of days with his relatives. Mr. Doolittle is the well known sausage maker of Bingo. He is also the town's dog catcher.

In his honor the poetess invited a few friends to the Doolittle home Thursday evening as a surprise. They gathered in the parlor at 7 o'clock and at 8 Miss Doolittle's father and her uncle came in. They were arguing about whether or not the bite of a catfish is poisonous.

"My dear Uncle Ike," said the poetess, as the two men entered the parlor, "we are gathered here to-night in the spirit of revelry to honor you." Here she turned to the assemblage, "Ladies and gentlemen," she said, "I take great pleasure in introducing Uncle Ike Doolittle of Bingo."

"Well, I declare, I'm glad to meet him!" said Mrs. Cutey Boggs. "Is this the noted Mr. Ike Doolittle who was accused of forging a check on the Bingo Bank?"

It was a faux pas, but Miss Doolittle handled the situation gracefully. "Prominent men are often wrongfully accused," she said. "Then to the honored guest: 'Uncle Ike, won't you say a few words to those who greet you?'"

"Sure!" he replied, "I want to say a little in praise of the saloons of this place. My brother and me just had eight high-balls and"—

"But, Uncle," came from Miss Doolittle, who realized that Ike was somewhat liquored up. "Why not speak on the subject of the beauties of Nature like the little bees and bugs?"

"Bees are all right," he replied, "but I can't stand for Nature's beautiful bugs. As I was going to say, my brother got me to drink eight!"

"That's a lie, Ike!" said the poetess's father, interrupting. "You're a sot on your own account."

Trouble ensued. Ike stepped up to his brother and hit him in the left

Keep Baby Healthy!
Clothes washed with
VAN'S NORUB
will not irritate or roughen
their delicate skin.

